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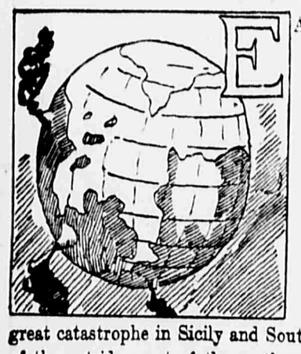
EARTHQUAKES.

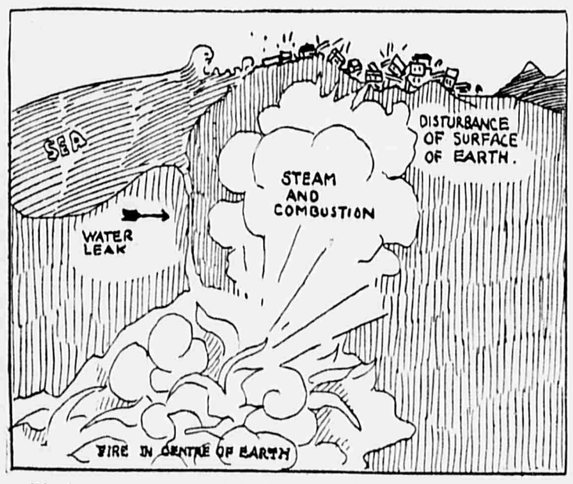


EARTHQUAKES are accounted for in two different ways. One theory is that the earth is going through a process like that of an apple in drying, which produces wrinkles. The other is the steam boiler theory—that is, that water finding access to the hot interior of the earth causes explosions from time to time.

Of these the latter theory is the more likely to account for the great catastrophe in Sicily and Southern Italy. The mere cooling off of the outside crust of the earth would not account for the violence of the Italian earthquakes, though it would account for such mild changes of surface as caused the San Francisco disaster.

In San Francisco one stratum of rocks slid a few feet, thereby causing a small tidal wave and upsetting buildings, whose foundations were thrown out of place by the shifting stratum. The great loss in the San Francisco earthquake was not through the tidal wave, which was small, or the buildings overthrown by the shifting stratum, which were comparatively few, but through the fire which followed and the inability to put out this fire because the mains had been strained apart at the joints and there was no water for the San Francisco fire department to use.

The Sicilian earthquake is of the boiler type. Such earthquakes occur near large bodies of water and where there are crevices or deep craters in the earth's surface under the water.



The interior of the earth is like a superheated boiler. It is filled with a mass of molten lava heated under great pressure to a temperature thousands of degrees higher than any known heat on the surface of the earth.

When by the contracting of the earth's surface a crevice opens under an ocean or sea the water flows down at once to the hot lava hundreds of feet below. There it is converted into superheated steam of enormous rending power. Unless this pressure is relieved by a volcano there is an earthquake, when the ground explodes like a superheated boiler.

Mt. Etna, Mt. Vesuvius and Mt. Stromboli are the three volcanic safety valves on the Mediterranean when the hot lava below seeks outlet for its superheated steam. If these volcanoes blow off the earthquake disturbance is slight.

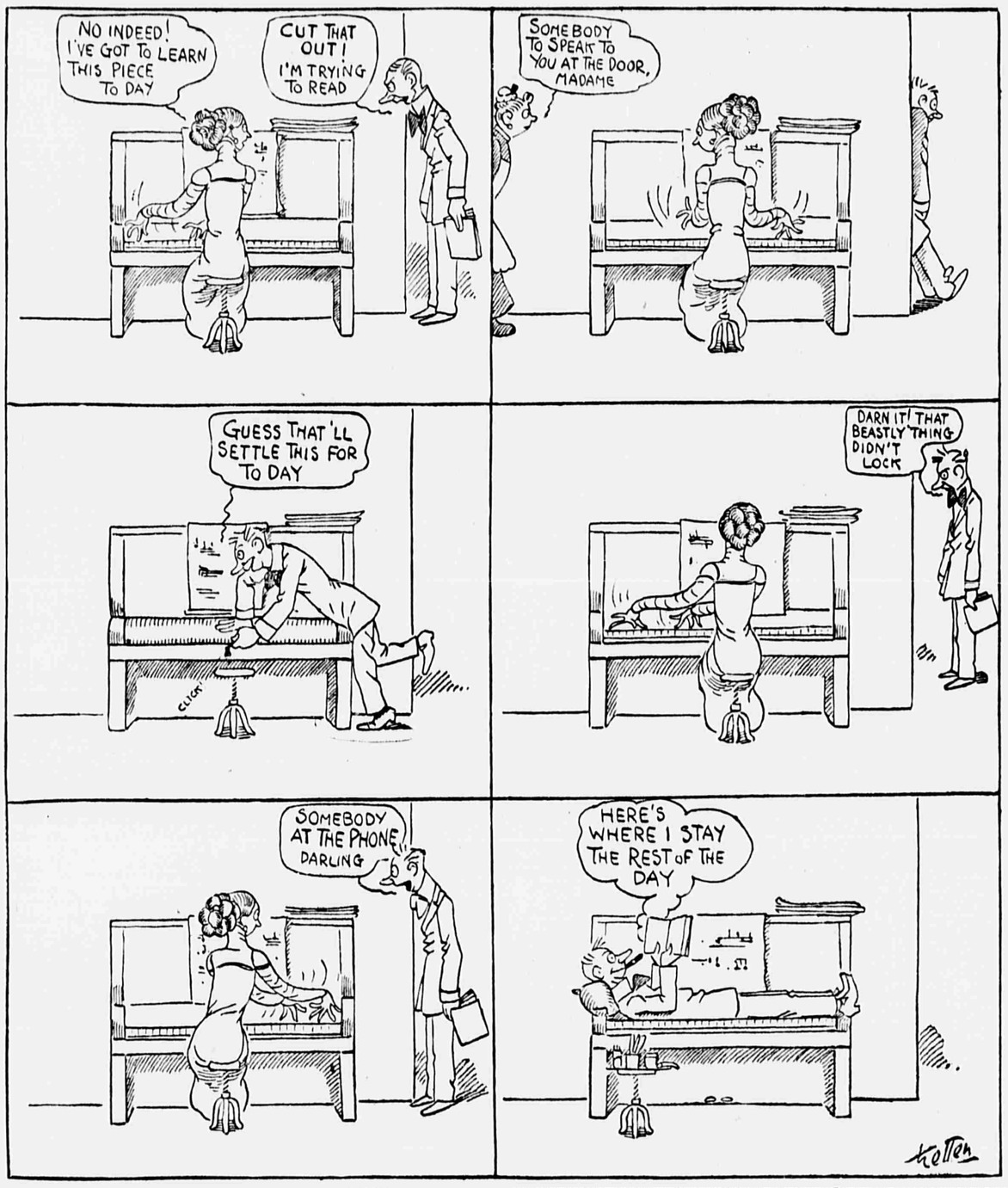
For thousands of years Vesuvius, Etna and Stromboli have erupted from time to time, relieving the boiler pressure within. This time those safety valves of nature did not work. Like a boiler when its safety valve does not work the resulting explosion was disastrous.

In the Pacific Ocean such earthquakes are frequent. The deeper and larger the body of water the more likely it is to leak through in the molten interior.

Geologists have so accurately plotted the earth's surface that the earthquake and volcanic areas are well defined. This will no more prevent the resettling of Eastern Sicily and the toe of Italy than did the eruption of Pompeii or the destruction of San Francisco prevent the building of a new city on the ruins.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr Introduces Mrs. Jarr to the New Game of Guess; He Does It So Well That the Poor Woman Is Guessing Yet

By Roy L. McCardell.

"WHAT'S that you have?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"A compendium of facts, statistics and useful information," replied Mr. Jarr. "It's a copy of The World Almanac."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jarr in a disappointed tone. I might have known it wasn't a box of candy. Married men never think to bring home a box of candy or a bunch of flowers!"


ROY L. McCARDELL

"They think of it, but they are afraid to," said Mr. Jarr. "Every time I did you always said, 'What have you been doing now that you try to square yourself?'"

"Don't worry; you didn't bring candy or flowers home often enough to make much trouble," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, I do nothing that I have to square myself for often," replied Mr. Jarr, not thinking of what he was saying.

"There! Didn't I tell you!" said Mrs. Jarr, quickly. "Now, will you deny that I see through you and your little tricks?"

"Ah, I was joking," said Mr. Jarr, "don't be foolish!"

"What's the book for, The World Almanac," asked Mrs. Jarr. "What's that to square?"

"It isn't to square anything," said Mr. Jarr, "it's to settle arguments."

"We never have any arguments—at least, I wouldn't argue with you," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, don't we and wouldn't you?" was the reply. "Well, listen. We can know how much postage to put on a letter"—

"Did you mail that letter I gave you. It was to mother, and I asked her to be sure to come over to-night!"

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Jarr. "How could I forget a letter to your mother?" How could he, either? He disliked the old lady intensely, and we never forget to mail letters to people we do not like.

"But, as I was saying," continued Mr. Jarr, "if we are anxious to know the popular vote at the last election"—

"Who wants to know the popular vote at the last election. Votes are not popular with me. I have no vote, and if I had I wouldn't make it an excuse to hang around saloons and talk politics with a lot of loafers. If I had a vote I'd vote to close the saloons!" said Mrs. Jarr, sharply.

"That's just what I was coming to," replied Mr. Jarr. "The World Almanac will tell you of the spread of prohibition, of how many States have gone dry, how many are constitutionally opposed to the liquor traffic, and"—

"I'm constitutionally opposed to the liquor traffic, too, but you are not. You're talking like a book agent, and it's my opinion that you have been drinking!"

"Now, be good," said Mr. Jarr, soothingly, "let's have some sport. We'll play the new game of 'Guess!'"

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, "we were playing it at the office"—

"For drinks!" sneered Mrs. Jarr.

"No, the cigars," said Mr. Jarr. "We pick out a subject listed in the index and then we see who can answer the most questions on that subject, along the lines of the facts in the Almanac"—

"Oh, how lovely!" said Mrs. Jarr's mother, coming in. "We'll play that to-night. I do love games of all kinds, and over in Brooklyn the other night we had started to play euchre when a lady present showed us a lot of dress goods samples her son had brought home—he's in a wholesale dress goods house, and it's my opinion he steals goods and carries them out, because it's mighty strange that if you like any of the samples his mother is always showing you she'll tell you she can get a bolt of the goods at wholesale, but there is enough for two dresses in a bolt and you have to find another woman to divide it with you, and unless you have a friend who lives in the country, because you don't want another woman in your set with a dress just like yours, you can't get rid of the other half of the bolt, and no matter how cheap you get it you lose money!"

The old lady having stopped to get a breath, Mr. Jarr remarked: "Well, now your mother is here, suppose we play 'Guess.'"

"That will be grand!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Isn't it sweet of him to interest and amuse us so?" said Mrs. Jarr's mother. "How do we play it?"

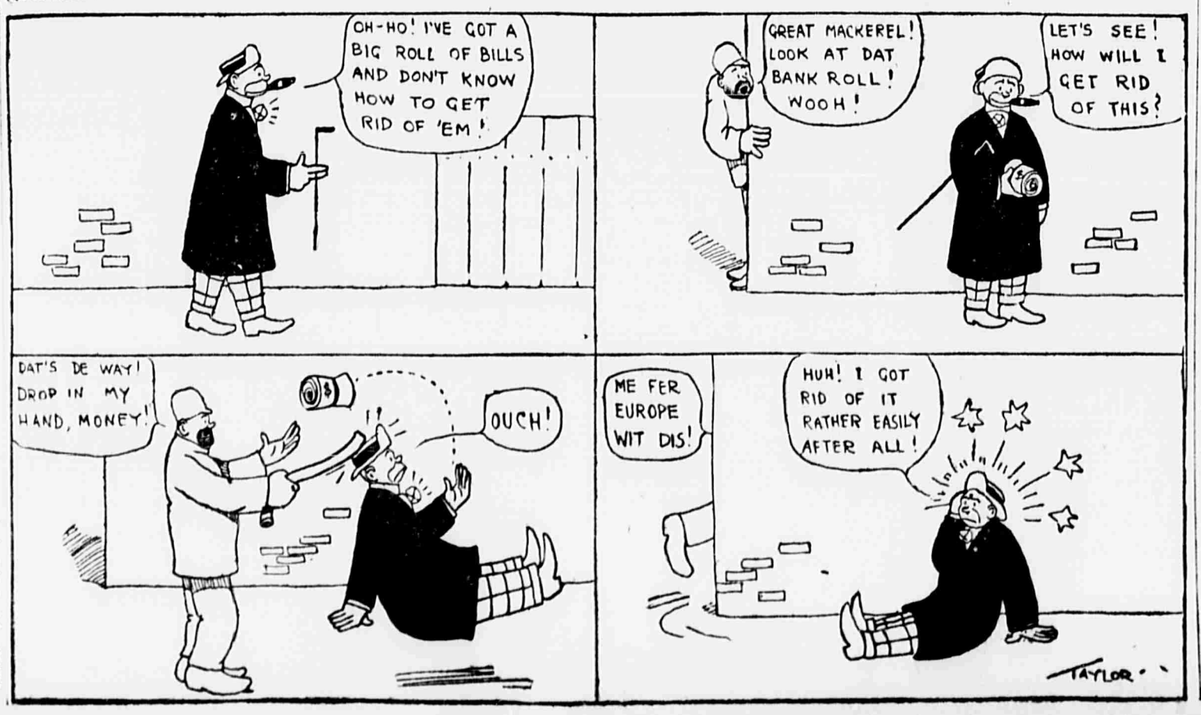
"You hold the World Almanac in your hand," said Mr. Jarr, shoving the book over, "and I step out into the hall with my hat and coat. The World Almanac contains the answer to 15,000 questions, and then you guess."

"Guess what?" asked Mrs. Jarr's mother.

"What time I'll be home, now you're here!" said Mr. Jarr, and slammed the door, chuckling like a demon.

The Million Dollar Kid

By R. W. Taylor



Letters From the People

To Avert Tuberculosis.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Tuberculosis is a germ, as we all know, and is contagious, yet many people unconsciously try to spread this germ among others—for instance, by expectoration. Travelling in cars with people who do this is a menace. On every car is a sign forbidding this. But how many heed the sign? If the conductors or any one would call the offenders' attention to the sign, perhaps it would be a lesson. Until people are made to understand the laws of health we will have to suffer the consequences. Enforce the laws! L. B.

Apply at Headquarters, No 125 East Twenty-seventh Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I apply to find out how I may become a member of the Young Woman's Christian Association and learn the locality of the nearest branch to my home? P. B.

Rowdyism on Brooklyn Subway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I witnessed an incident a few days ago which surprised me. Standing upon the platform of a Brooklyn Subway train that left Bowling Green about 6 P. M. was a young lady—the only one in that part of the car—and alone. One of the "men" standing near her, well dressed, and from appearances a gentleman, repeatedly caught the plumes on the young lady's hat between his teeth and "worried" them as a terrier does a rat. This manifestly embarrassed and annoyed the lady, who, however, made no protest. It greatly amused and delighted a majority of the men passengers, including two policemen. This group kept up a hilarious laughter from Bowling Green to Borough Hall. Is this the treatment a lady may expect in a public train, readers? Was it not the duty of the police to interfere instead of joining in this disgraceful performance? I would like to hear what readers think.

A. M.

The Unruly Son.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here is my answer to "Mother of Unruly Son:" Has this mother ever tried religious training and instruction for the improvement of her son? I have found this to be of the greatest importance. He should learn the Ten Commandments—"Honor thy father and thy mother," &c., "Thou shalt not steal," &c., "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," &c. Then take away his "dime novels." Send him to Sunday school. A. C. P.

Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 39—"DAVY" CROCKETT.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Tennessee boy who had not yet learned to read or write was sent to school in 1798 by his father (an Irish emigrant who had served in the Revolution and was then keeping a tavern near Knoxville, Tenn.). The boy was Davy Crockett. Davy had, up to that time, stubbornly refused to learn his alphabet or to do anything of real service toward the family's support. His father had apprenticed him a few months earlier to a Dutch trader. Davy had tramped 400 miles to the trader's home, did not like the work, ran away and tramped home again. The journey had taught him to love the wilderness and had given him skill in woodcraft.

Scarcely had school begun when a larger boy, the bully of the academy, made fun of Davy's queer home-made clothes. Young Crockett flew at the bully's throat, thrashed him into unconsciousness and left him on the ground for dead. Then, to avoid his father's rage, Davy ran away once more. For three years he knocked about Tennessee, Virginia and Maryland, picking up odd jobs, driving teams, clearing forests, working for a hatter and earning in all more kicks than pennies. He grew homesick at last and went back to Knoxville. He was now too big and strong to fear a parental flogging, so he went straight to his father. He found the old man in sore straits for money. Davy set to work at once, and in a year or so had freed his father from debt. Then he returned to school, had a six months' struggle with the alphabet and finally learned to read and write—after a fashion. But the love of adventure quickly called him away from his books, and he plunged once more into the exciting life of the wilderness. He soon gained renown as a hunter, trapper and Indian fighter.

The Boy Who Ran Away.

Then came a series of love affairs which caused much amusement in the Southwest, and one of which (in more or less distorted shape) forms the theme of the old play, "Davy Crockett." The young soldier of fortune had several bitter disappointments in love, but calmly continued his search for a wife until he found one. He married in 1809 and settled down as a farmer. But four years later he was fighting heroically under Andrew Jackson in the Creek Indian war, and when peace came took up the work of pioneer. He helped to clear and settle much of Tennessee's wildest country, and was, in turn, local magistrate, colonel of militia and member of Legislature. He was still wofully ignorant of book knowledge. He had never read a newspaper. He knew nothing of politics. But he was a crack shot and he could fight like a wildcat. These two virtues won him his election to the Tennessee Legislature. As soon as he took his seat in that body he showed he could do other things besides shoot. He had a bitingly sharp wit, a shrewd logic and a fearless honesty that won him immediate notice. His sublime conceit, a keen sense of humor and a mania for boasting made him the talk of the country. The famous story of the treed raccoon who decided to "come down" as soon as his pursuer announced himself as Col. David Crockett is but one of many such tales still told in Tennessee.

From the Legislature to Congress was an easy step for Crockett. He went to Washington, a stanch supporter of President Andrew Jackson, but was honest enough to refuse loudly when asked to indorse certain Presidential measures of which he disapproved. Thus he won Jackson's enmity. But, in spite of the President's influence, Crockett served two terms in Congress. The capital was convulsed with laughter at his wit, roared over his speeches and at the rough humor of his writings and pointed him out as a delightfully unique figure. But Jackson succeeded in barring him from election to a third term. Disgusted, Crockett turned his back on politics and started once more for the frontier.

Texas was in the thick of her fierce struggle for independence. Crockett threw in his influence and personal fighting prowess on behalf of the American pioneers there. His name quickly became a terror to the Mexicans. When Santa Anna and his Mexican army of 4,000 (many of them convicts pressed into military service) laid siege to the Alamo with its 140 pioneer American defenders in 1836 Crockett was one of the little band that cut its way through the Mexican army into the fort, for the privilege of perishing with the doomed garrison. As the frontiersmen burst through the Mexican ranks and rushed into the fort Crockett shouted to the defenders:

"We've Come to Die With You!"

"Boys! We've come to die with you!"

And die they did. All but five of the Americans were slain in the overwhelming assault of Santa Anna's army. But not before 1,600 Mexicans had fallen. Crockett and four others were taken prisoners and led before Santa Anna. Then, at a whispered order from the victor, a company of Mexicans cut the five bleeding, worn-out prisoners to pieces.

Davy Crockett fell, pierced by twelve swords.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending one cent for each number to Circulation Department, Evening World.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.


HELEN ROWLAND

ALAS! there are just two kinds of masculine lovers—the quick and the dead ones.

No, my dear, when a man kisses you without permission it is not necessary to turn the other cheek; that sort of man has plenty of cheek.

A bridegroom thinks it very tender and devoted of his bride to say "Whither thou goest I will go!"—but just let her try to do it!

Why does a wife always want revenge on the woman who elopes with her husband? You'd fancy she'd feel more like tendering a vote of thanks to the person who relieved her of a man like that.

Oh, yes, "Virtue is its own reward"—and it's just about as satisfying as some of the rewards advertised in the newspapers.

When a man promises to tell a woman "all," he means all that he has any reason to think she will find out anyhow.

Don't fancy a man does not sigh at breaking off an old love affair; he does sigh—with relief.

A wise woman puts a grain of sugar in everything she says to a man and takes a grain of salt with everything he says to her.

The City of Glittering Light.

THE sky line of New York is always changing. So, too, the night lights shift and grow in wonderful magnificence, creeping continually further upward toward the stars, until the lower city, grouped around the Singer Tower, has become a veritable Chimborazo of glitter and glow. The little lamps that mark the dark wharves barely show. Above them the scant candles of the older city twinkle here and there, but not enough to mar the dark foreground beyond which come the palaces more gorgeous than any ever coaxed from genii land by slaves of Aladdin's lamp. From the platform towers of the great bridge the picture sets to the best advantage. It begins with the sinking sun. The murky view beyond the bay becomes dull and dark. The torch in Liberty's hand suddenly gleams starlike in the night and then, like the twinkling in a kaleidoscope, the palaces begin to glitter in the gloom. There is no vision like it elsewhere in the world, yet only now and then does a bridge pedestrian pause in his hurried walk to give the spectacle a momentary glance. The usual New Yorker cares little for the splendor of his town.

The Day's Good Stories

A Dry Bath.

"IN cold weather," said P. C. Marsh, the charity worker, at a dinner in this city, "the tramp and his like display a marked hatred of baths. But baths they must if they come to our societies for shelter.

"A burly tramp entered an East End shelter one cold night last week.

"'Kin ye bunk me?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said the superintendent. 'Go downstairs, strip and take a shower.'

"'A shower?' said the tramp, making a wry face.

"'Yes.'

"'With cold water?'

"'Yes.'

"'Nix,' said the tramp. He turned up his collar to depart again. 'Nix on the bath. They told me,' he explained, as he opened the door, 'that this was a down-to-the-minute joint where they bathed ye with a vacuum cleaner things.'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What We All Like Best.

MME. CALVE, at a ladies' luncheon at Sherry's, was condoned with by an elderly spinster on the ground that a laudatory article about her had not been very subtle or discriminating.

"I know well," said the spinster, smiling behind her glittering spectacles, "that only discriminating praise counts as praise with you."

"Don't talk about discriminating praise," answered Mme. Calve. "Full some flattery is good enough for me."